

Women's Societies

SUGGESTIONS.

By Miss C. L. Campbell.

"Pray without ceasing"—The Apostle Paul.

One week of the self-denial there is left. Are you still remembering the noon prayer for Foreign Missions? This call comes from Nashville to us all.

Our Missionary God.

1. Where must we go to find the beginning of Foreign Missions? To the heart of God the Father.

2. How did God begin Foreign Missions? By sending out the first missionary.

3. From where was that missionary sent? From heaven.

4. To what foreign country did he go? To this world of ours.

5. Who was that missionary? Jesus Christ our Saviour.

6. Why did God the Father send him? "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

7. If God had lacked the spirit of Foreign Missions, what about us? We should not have had a Saviour.

8. Did this great missionary stay in the foreign country? No; he returned to his Father's house.

9. Who gathered around him before he returned? His disciples.

10. What did he tell these disciples to do? Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

11. If these disciples had not obeyed, what about our America? We would not today have a knowledge of his gospel.

12. From what church did two missionaries go a few days later? From the church at Antioch.

13. What two men did they send? Paul and Barnabas.

14. Did Paul and Barnabas not have enough impenitent heathen to preach to at home? They had tens of thousands.

15. Should not their own city be evangelized first? God commanded them to go into all the world, to the uttermost parts of the earth.

16. Did God the Holy Spirit suggest that his disciples would go? No; he commanded.

17. If we are indifferent to Foreign Missions, what do we show? Unlikeness and disobedience to God the Father.

Questions and answers by Mrs. W. H. Dodge, Ocala, Fla., based on the leaflet "Our Missionary God," by Egbert W. Smith.

The Church Needs More Intelligent Prayer Life.

On all hands—from missionary boards, from great conferences, from missionaries on the field—comes the urgent call to Christendom to enter into a larger prayer life, into a new era of intercession. In the missionary enterprise as a whole the life of prayer is truly "an open but unfrequented path" to victory. Prayer may be likened to a voyage of discovery. In entering upon the voyage of prayer we make:

1. Discovery of God.

2. Discovery of ourselves. "There is undiscovered territory in every life. Blessed is he who is the Columbus of his own soul."

3. Discovery of God's plan for the world.

4. Discovery of our place in His plan.

5. His plan possible of achievement. What, then, shall be our attitude toward prayer? Nothing limits success so much as the lack of prayer. He who prays most and best, helps most in the task committed by God

to this generation. "The sob of weariness and pain in the heart of Christ has not yet died away into the silence of victory and peace, because prayer is not yet the passion of our lives." "He now liveth to make intercession for us." Shall we not, then, abide in the secret place while the secret of power and of energy moves upon the deep indifference of his Church?"—Missionary Voice.

A Little Maid Who Went "Into All the World."

(From the Sunday-School Times.)

A Story Drawn from Real Life.

By Belle C. Harrington.

The girl on the couch turned a white drawn face toward the wall as the physician uttered his kindly verdict.

"This back isn't half bad," he asserted cheerfully, after a critical examination. "Give us a little time and we can bring you out of this in fairly good shape."

"Then I'll not be an invalid?" queried the voice, with a tremor of apprehension.

"Indeed not. A few months of special care, and a year, possibly, in which to overcome the effects of the nervous shock, and you'll be in passably good health—able to enjoy many things."

"Able to work?"

"Yes, in a way. Quite able, I should say, to do all that a woman in your position would be called upon to do."

"After a few years—when there has been time for complete recovery—would I be able to do hard, continuous work?" The voice was tense with earnestness, and the doctor's voice took on a note of sympathy as he looked down upon the slight form before him.

"No, I can't quite say that. You must never expect to be robust. Freedom from pain and a modicum of strength is all I can promise you. But that is much," he added gently.

Then the face turned toward the wall, and the mute unspoken anguish of the movement made the physician wonder; for his diagnosis had been much more favorable than he had anticipated at the beginning. A life of comparative health, with freedom from pain, and the luxuries which were so plainly available in this case didn't seem such a dismal prospect to a man accustomed to mete out the edict of life or death many times a day.

But the form on the couch shook with its pent-up agony long after the kindly doctor had gone on his rounds, and the clenched hands told of the unreconciled heart, panting out insistently, "It cannot be! It cannot be!"

"Oh, God, help me to accept Thy will!" the white lips murmured; but before an answering peace could come, another wave of resentment filled the soul, and the cry rose, "Oh, Father, Thou knowest I am so ready to work for Thee, and the need—Oh, Father, the need is so great."

After a time the bitterness and resentment wore away, and physical exhaustion brought quiet. Then some one in one of the parlors of the great sanitarium began to sing. The familiar hymns floated into the girl's room almost unnoticed until the words,

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made meet,"

pierced the wound afresh, and woke her again to stinging, smarting consciousness.

The girl put her hands to her ears, trying to shut out the taunting message, but the familiar stanza kept repeating itself over and over in her brain, until she threw her arms above her head and cried out in agony. "Oh, Father, I don't want to be an emptied vessel, I want to go into thy harvest-fields and work."

By-and-by when the constant hurt had benumbed her there came a light tap at the door, and a trim little maid appeared duster and whisk-broom in hand. "Will it annoy you if I tidy the room?" she asked pleasantly.

"No, nothing matters," the girl on the couch answered listlessly.

The maid brushed the hearth, replenished the open fire; and dusted the furniture deftly. She did not utter a sound or make an unnecessary movement, yet there was something about the vivacity of every movement that gave one the impression of sing-ing. She performed her work with scrupulous care, yet all the time her face had the expression of one reading a book or listening to an interesting conversation.

The girl on the couch had been roused to a semblance of interest. "I've been wondering why you seem so happy," she ventured, with a note of inquiry in her voice.

"Oh, I'm happy always—now," answered the maid brightly.

"Now," repeated the girl, puzzled.

"Yes, since I've become a foreign missionary."

"Oh!" with a fresh pang, "Then you are going, too."

"Not going, I am there!" and a radiance came over her face that transformed it.

Her questioner only stared at her.

"To-day we opened our new hospital in China, and I can just see them, the poor, sin-cursed men and women that are flocking to its shelter—more of them than can possibly be taken in. My bed is over in the far corner by the window that is shaded by the big tree, and they've given it to a poor woman and a little sick baby; they promised me they would and I know they'll keep their word. I generally spend all my forenoons in India, but I'll own I've been in China at our new hospital, all this blessed day."

"Tell me—what in the world do you mean?" The girl was sitting on the edge of the couch now, her eyes wide with interest and wonder.

"No wonder you don't understand what I'm talking about," the maid answered half in apology. "I get so carried away with my work, I forget how queer my talk must sound to one who doesn't know."

"I can't imagine what you mean. Sit down and tell me. I'd rather hear that than have my room put in order."

Work gloves and apron were put aside, and the maid began her story with quiet dignity. "All my life—that is, all my Christian life—I've felt that I ought to be a missionary. Every missionary sermon that was preached seemed spoken right to me, and every time I took up my Bible it seemed as if that verse, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel,' was standing out in letters twice the size

"I know just how you felt," breathed her companion with a sympathetic gesture.

"But there was mother. I'm an only child, you know, and my mother is almost an invalid. She needed my wages, and she needed my care. I used to pray over it, and puzzle over it day and night, and the more I prayed and the more I worried the clearer those two commands stood out: 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and 'Go ye into all the world.'"

"I suppose I might have had it cleared up for me sooner," the maid went on, "if I'd gone to some one with my trouble, but I never told a soul—just worried over it all by myself, till that happy day when God showed me what he wanted me to do." Her face was illumined, and she sat for a moment without speaking.

"Go on," urged the girl breathless.

"It was during a big missionary rally. I was always possessed to go to every missionary meeting I heard of, though I always sat there and listened to the call for workers with my heart almost breaking. But that afternoon it was different. The speaker told how to be a missionary without going to the foreign field."

The girl clasped her hands convulsively, and her breath came gaspingly, but the speaker did not notice, and went on. "He told how one might work by proxy. Kept at home by some good reason, he said a person might sometimes be just as effective through their money as through their work. He said that thirty dollars would support a child for a year in most of the mission schools, and that the same sum would secure a native worker for a year—one who knew the language and the people, and could sometimes do better than the foreigner. I sat there with my heart pounding so that it seemed everybody must hear it. I'd never heard it put that way before, and it seemed almost too wonderful to believe. When the meeting was over I waited just long enough to ask the speaker where to send the money, and how, and then I rushed to the bank."

"Then you had money?" her companion queried.

"Yes, I had just sixty-five dollars in the bank, and I could hardly wait to draw it out and send it on its way. The thought that I was actually to begin working in the foreign field just as soon as my letter and my money could reach New York was almost too much for me, and I could hardly sleep at all that night. Of course I sent my money through the Missionary Board—that was better all round, but I selected my own field."

"And where did you go?" The listlessness was all gone from the girl's voice now.

"To India, at first. That was before I understood the needs of some of the other countries."

"Oh, you work in more than one place?"

"Yes," happily. "That's the gain in being this kind of a missionary; I can be in India and China and Africa at once."

"And the money, if you will pardon the question?"

"That's the most wonderful of all," she answered with shining eyes. "My wages here are not large, but it seems as if every dollar has reached just double since I've been saving for missions. Of course I don't stint mother. I want her to have everything she needs, but for myself it's real joy to go without things so as to help educate a little Chinese boy, or help some little Indian widow into a happier life. Then there are so many ways to get money when one is really watching for them."

"Tell me how."

"I suppose some of them will seem small to you," she answered flushing, "but there are the paper-rags—you can't think how many accumulate in a place like this, and the bottles from the laundry and the laboratory. Then I save the soap wrappers, and the coffee labels, and the fruit coupons—there's no end of ways when one really sets about it. At first I used to think it was beneath me to do things like that," she added soberly, "but when the need is so great I don't